

No. XVIII.

1823.

APRIL 7.

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE
OR,
New Dramatic Censor;
CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,
CRITICISMS
ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS;
ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
&c. &c. &c.

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*Embellished with a striking Portrait by J. R. Cruikshank, Esq. of
Mr. KEAN, as LEAR, in "King Lear."*

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
DUNCOMBE, BOOK AND MUSIC SELLER, 19, Little Queen Street, Holborn;
Sold by all Booksellers. [PRICE SIXPENCE,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the queries of *Julio* we answer, that our pages shall always be open for the insertion of unpublished pieces; as was the case with *The Two Gallows Slaves*, *Fire in One*, &c. &c. or original scenes, entire dramas, &c. we shall be happy to receive what he mentions.

We have profited by the hint of *Peter Pry*.

If *Orasmus* will send his poetical portraits of principal actors at the minor houses, we will find room for them, should they be approved of.

A. B. has our best thanks, we always feel pleasure at inserting his beautiful lines, we hope we shall hear again from him.

We find it necessary, in consequence of a letter signed "*the indifferent Pierre*," to state most decidedly that the critique on *Venice Preserved*, at Berwick Street, and which we considered our duty to amend, was not the production of his pen, nor do we know the gentleman.

Has *Philo-Tragicus* forgotten us?

T. S. P.—*Ariel*—*Crito*—“No puff,” and several others, are under consideration.

MINOR THEATRE, CATHERINE STREET.

VENICE PRESERVED; *LOVER'S QUARRELS*.—This place, which had been so long notorious for blackguardism and riot, has, we find, at last become somewhat respectable. The company on Tuesday last, was not only select, but of great respectability, and every thing conducted with decorum and propriety.

The *Pierres* and *Jaffier* of the evening by Masters M. brothers, rather wanted experience than judgment, their acting was never vulgar or offensive, and sometimes above mediocrity. The *Priulli*, *Renault*, &c. were very bad. *Belvidera* on the whole passable.

Of the Interlude, *Cartes* was too much embarrassed to be intelligible, when he gets rid of his timidity, he will perhaps be good. *Sancho* was but indifferent. *Jacintha* (by the Lady who played *Belvidera*) tolerable, but for the *Leonora*, our regard for the female sex prevents our saying any thing about this *libel* upon womankind.

A LITTLE FRACAS.

It appears, the charms of Mrs. C. have had a most unhappy effect on the conjugal felicity of fifty-two and twenty-two; Mrs. C. having been charged by Mrs. Ch-tm-s with smuggling and making away with her (Mrs. Ch-tm-s's) private property; namely, her young husband, who, in the following up of the contest, is indebted to an amazonian blow from a brass candlestick, dealt by **MAMMA SI-ON** on the upbraiding and *soi disant* swindled wife, for its speedy though sanguinary termination. Mrs. Ch-tm-s being compelled to retreat with a bleeding hip from this Island of Calypso, or otherwise, Craven-street, Strand, betakes herself to Mr. Hall, the Magistrate, procures a warrant, and, on Tuesday last, Madame Si-on appeared to answer the charge of violence and battery, when, after a patient and circumstantial detail by Mrs. Ch-tm-s of the wrongs undergone by her, all of which she laid at the door of Mrs. C.'s blandishments; her subsequent enquiry as “to what right Mrs. C. had with her husband,” with the settling knock-down incident of the brass candlestick, Madame Si-on was held to bail to appear at the Sessions.

*** We take this opportunity to state, that we have been very frequently blamed for omitting to notice communications which we have never received. We beg leave to call the attention of our friends and correspondents to the fact, that **OUR ONLY OFFICE** is No. 19, Little Queen Street, Holborn, where all Letters should be sent, post-paid.

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
or,
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.

“To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure.”

No. 18.] MONDAY, APR. 7th, 1823. [Vol. II.

MEMOIR OF MR. KEAN.

THIS eminent Actor was born in the year 1789, and is the son of a professional gentleman of high character and respectability.

He was remarkable, at a very early age, as a child of great talents, and his penchant for a theatrical life was much encouraged by his uncle, the celebrated Moses Kean, the Ventriloquist. So early indeed was this partiality evinced, that it may be said that the stage was his cradle; for we find that, when only six years of age, he played the *important* part of one of the *Pages of Falstaff*, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

The necessity, however, of giving to our infant Roscius an adequate education, induced his friends to send him to a private seminary; and afterwards, it is said, to Eton, at which latter school he remained three years.

On his leaving Eton, after having played several minor parts at the Haymarket, he commenced the profession of an actor, and made many provincial tours, in some of which his talents were duly appreciated, while in others they were overlooked and neglected.

During the period that Mr. Kean was playing at Exeter, which was shortly after the building of the present Drury Lane Theatre, he wrote to the Sub-Committee soliciting an engagement, but was unsuccessful in his application; and it was not until Dr. Drury, of Teignmouth, interesting himself in his behalf, that he obtained, through Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, an engagement at Drury Lane; and, in November 1814, he made his first appearance at that theatre in the arduous character of *Shylock*.

At this time, in consequence of the want of good tragic actors, and the bad management of the Sub-Committee, the theatre was neglected by the public, and a good house was considered as a great rarity: under these difficulties, however, Mr. Kean appeared, and by his forcible delineation of Shakspeare's *Jew*, induced the theatrical world once more to frequent the walls of Old Drury.

But, though acknowledged to be a fine actor, it was not until the revival of *Richard the Third*, that Mr. Kean's merits were fully

known. His excellence in this character, in which he struck out a new path for himself, so contrary to what the public had been in the habit of witnessing, that a sort of mania appeared to seize all ranks of society—from the duke to the dustman—from the peeress to the pot-girl—nothing was talked of, nothing thought of, but Kean's *Richard*. The house, on all the nights he performed, was crowded almost to suffocation—the press groaned with eulogies on his wonderful powers—critics in vain endeavoured to express their approbation—but language was found to be inadequate, and they gave up the task from mere hopelessness. Ladies were in extacies of delight, and compelled to faint, to avoid being killed, by the fascination of his talents—“the lords of the creation” were electrified—and children so frightened that they could not sleep in the dark for months afterwards—in short, the whole of the play-going world were stark mad at the indescribable, and never-to-be-seen-again talents of this wonder of the age.

But though we shall not imitate the servile flattery of the critics of that day, one of whom talked very consistently about “the eye of Mr. Kean reeling with joy”—when, in fact, the only thing that *reeled* was himself, from the effects of “Hodges's full proof.” Yet we must express, in decided terms, our approbation of his performance of this part, which, as a whole, is most excellent.

Theatrical managers are pretty good judges of the public feeling; and, as Sheridan says, “Give them a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it”—so was it in respect to Mr. K. As Garrick was equally eminent in comedy as in tragedy, Mr. Kean *must be* the same, because he was short in stature, like Garrick. Thus, then, we had the tragic wonder, this twin-brother of Melpomene, thrust into the *Duke* in “*The Honey Moon*,” “*Leon*, &c. ; here was a new field for criticism—away went Messieurs the Critics to work—nibbed their critical pens, and belaboured him with their praise: he soon became the very Sun of Comedy—the Phoenix of Felicity: before his humour, the blue devils shrunk back appalled, and care gave place to laughter and joy. However, with all this puffing, the public were too wise to be gulled, and not even Kean could draw good houses when he played comedy—for, as soon as the novelty wore away, the attraction ceased.

Othello, was the next part in which this gentleman made a stand, and which he certainly plays with undoubted excellence. In *Iago*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, and a long list of other chief characters, Mr. Kean is not only good, but decidedly eminent. His *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Othello*, *Peregrine*, &c. though not complete failures, yet are any thing but able performances.

Mr. Kean's peculiar style of acting is so well known as to render it totally unnecessary for us to speak of it, except in general terms; but it must be confessed, that while some parts of his performances display great genius and ability, there are others which the most common-place actor could give with equal effect: thus he presents to our view a picture boldly sketched and vividly coloured, but then it wants those nice arrangements of light and shade, those happy combinations of intellectual beauty which make the *coup d'œil* effective.

H.

Literary Review,

THE AGE OF BRONZE.—BY LORD BYRON,

Hunt, London,—8vo. 2s. 6d.

That master-genius of the age, that genius, which however drivelers may condemn, and party falsify, finds its way in bold and fearless appeal to our natures, and receives the unwonted homage of truth and admiration, has presented another picture to the world. And if the existing miseries are not entirely reckless of human valuation, we do not envy their feelings, though associated with courtly fripperies; when each puppet recognises his own contemptible self, enlarged and decorated in the clinging irony abounding in "*The Age of Bronze*;" each is crowned and anointed—but 'tis thorns and hemlock—monarchs and creatures for scorn to pay her homage, and reason her disgust. Speaking of Napoleon, him who has left a "name to worlds unknown," and whose surprising deeds betrayed England into an act, which will for long blot her fair fame as a liberal and generous nation, he says—

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
 Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
 The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled of late,
 Chained to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
 Yes! where is he, the Champion and the Child
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
 Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones?
 Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
 Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;

(To be continued.)

MR. MATHEWS.

We extract from the *Philadelphia Gazette and Daily Advertiser* a full statement of the circumstances which gave rise to the prosecution against a Boston Editor, which our inimitable Mathews felt himself called upon to commence.

"Very many respectable persons, whose stations and whose pursuits did not permit their visiting the theatre; and some of whom had sought and cherished an intimacy and friendship with Mr. Mathews, as a companion and a gentleman, intimated their earnest wishes, that he would afford to them an opportunity to be present at some of his performances at a public room. Both willing and desirous, from sentiments of gratitude for their hospitalities and kindness, to comply with those wishes, as well as to contribute to a charity, to which his aid had been invited, he determined to announce that he would be "*At Home*" at Boylston Hall, on a particular evening, and one not appropriated for dramatic performances at the theatre. To this measure, thus intended, and the emoluments of which were to be appropriated to "the British Chari-

table Society," the managers of the theatre made no objections which were known to Mr. Mathews; and a great number of the most respectable members of society in Boston and its vicinity were about to accept the invitation of Mr. Mathews, when, on the day appointed for the exhibition, the following article appeared in the *Galaxy*."

After publishing the address of Mr. Mathews, offered at the close of his engagement with the Boston managers, the Editor proceeds:—

"After all this excess of grateful feeling, and the positive assurances that his benefit would be the last night of his public appearance in Boston, it was to have been hoped that Mr. Mathews would have left the city without forfeiting the good opinion of his friends, and without committing any acts of gross and unpardonable injustice to the people of his profession. But it seems, that, to gratify certain *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, who 'from various causes have been prevented from visiting the theatre.' Mr. Mathews is to be '*At Home*' this evening, at Boylston Hall. Mr. Mathews made a good bargain with the Managers of the theatre. He must have known that his visit to this place injured their business before he came, as well as after his departure. He has repeatedly assured them that Wednesday evening was the last time that he could possibly appear in public, and on the faith of these assurances the Managers assured the public, that it was the last opportunity they could have of witnessing his entertainment. But certain *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* could not visit the theatre to see him. Why could they not? Because they *would* not. They will not give even their *countenance* to support a theatre and a stationary company of players, but they will encourage by their countenance and money an itinerant mimic, who offers his *instructive* and *chaste* imitations in any other place. They will not go to the theatre to see a Tragedy of Shakspeare, or a Comedy of Sheridan, but they are extremely anxious to get into Boylston Hall, to see Mr. Mathews imitate a sea-sick rustic, or a drunken coachman, and to hear him retail the old stale jokes of Joe Miller, and tell the delicate adventures of Mr. Rumpfoozle and Mrs. Ninicompips!"

"We hope that some obliging correspondent will favor us with the names of the *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* who are most forward in patronizing this entertainment, which can be viewed in no other light than as a premeditated act of injustice to the Managers of the theatre, and an insult to the public generally. If we hear of any of our Learned Professors, sage Judges, wise Legislators, or pious clergymen being present, we shall not fail to make report thereof to the public, and endeavour to hold up to the admiration, if not to the imitation of our readers, the example of those fastidious *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, whose delicate stomachs cannot digest a play, but can gorge their cormorant appetites on the vulgarity and smut, which have been scouted from the stage as stale and disgusting excrescences."

"On further reflection, we think Mr. Mathews not so very much to blame. His audience this evening will supply him with abundant materials wherewithal to furnish a new entertainment when he is next '*At Home*,' on the other side of the Atlantic."

The nature of this attack can better be known by its effects, than by an examination of the particular language in which it was made. Numbers of the citizens of Boston, who intended to visit Mr. Mathews in the evening, were deterred by it from accomplishing their design. The father hesitated to attend himself, or to permit his children to view an exhibition represented to be *immoral* and *shameful* in its nature, and in its character; and many a virtuous citizen refused to countenance an entertainment, thus openly denounced, and others who did not desire to have their names held up to public notice, refused to be among the auditors of Mr. Mathews. Thus the purpose of the author of this attack was accomplished.

"Mr. Mathews, before he left Boston, in pursuance of a determination formed and expressed long before; gave to the Theatrical Fund the sum of 1,200 dollars, being all his portion of the extra receipts for the tickets; and, to the British Charitable Society, and the Theatrical Fund the nett receipts at Boylston Hall.

"It is due to Mr. Mathews to state, that until the unfounded aspersions of the *Galaxy*, his exhibitions have been considered as free from exception, by the most rigid members of the school of morality in the country from whence he comes. As faithful portraits of character, exact personification of peculiar manners and habits; as exhibitions of amusing features and scenes of human life; they have been universally admired; and Mr. Mathews himself, whose merits as a scholar and virtues as a man are universally known, has enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many of the most respectable and distinguished individuals in the country which gave him birth."

MR. PATON'S ADDRESS.

"Strange that such a difference should be,
"Twixt Tweedle dum and Tweedle dee."

Mr. Paton has addressed the public—actually signed himself in the "valuable columns" of *The Morning Post*. Of what avail this could be we cannot possibly imagine. It is a twice told tale, "simply the refusal of Miss Tree—the ultimate settlement; and "all that sort of thing." However we add his epistle.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—If the performance of the "*Marriage of Figaro*" had now ceased at Covent Garden Theatre, it was the intention of Miss Paton, my daughter, to have passed unnoticed the allusions to her conduct in that concern, which have issued from the press, under the confusing and muddling terms of jealousies, contentions, differences, &c. But as the piece is brought forward again, it is thought advisable by her friends that a correct statement of the case should be published. Miss Paton was engaged expressly to perform the first characters only, in Miss Stephens's place. When it was strongly suggested by her on that occasion that obstacles were likely to occur, she was assured that no one who-soever, would be allowed to oppose or thwart her employment in the first line; that even if the managers were disposed to alter that arrangement, they could not accomplish it, for that a certain extent of voice was indispensable to their first singer, in order to do justice to the established operas, and other unrestrained compositions which might be produced. After some time, the part of *Susanna* was assigned to Miss Paton, and announced in the bills accordingly; the managers informed her that Miss Tree had refused to play the *Countess*. They requested that she would take those parts alternately, that the piece might be brought forward, and the other lady saved from the incurrence of a heavy penalty. To which arrangement Miss Paton assented, in this case only. She was afterwards informed by the managers that the same difficulties remained unless she conceded the part of *Susanna* the first night. That they could not directly ask her to make this second concession, it being so much beyond what they had a right to expect. She however assented; and there a transaction closed in which Miss Paton's conduct showed every thing the contrary of jealousy, contention, or any illiberal feeling whatsoever. To establish this point by a statement of unquestionable facts is the object of this communication, for which I have to crave your indulgence and that of the public.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,

G. PATON.

(P. S. The above arrangement was made.)

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

March 31st, *Castle Spectre*, *Chinese Sorcerer, or the Emperor and his Three Sons*.—April 1st, *Way to get Married*, *Chinese Sorcerer*.—2nd, *Pizarro, Chinese Sorcerer*.—3rd, *Wild Oats, Chinese Sorcerer*.—4th, *Macbeth, Chinese Sorcerer*.—5th, *Siege of Belgrade, Chinese Sorcerer*.

The laudable zeal and liberality which Mr. Elliston has manifested since the commencement of the season at this House, never was more apparent than on Easter Monday, on which evening a new Chinese spectacle was produced, which, for splendid decorations and beautiful scenery, has not, within our recollection, been surpassed at the rival establishment, which has been so highly celebrated for their scenic attractions.

Monk Lewis's *Castle Spectre* was the play on Monday night, in which Cooper as *Osmond* displayed talents of the first order—the celebrated description of the “*Dream*” was given in a style of awful grandeur suitable to the occasion. Gattie and Harley were amusing as *Father Philip* and *Motley*: but we think it was in very bad taste to give the character of *Hassan* to Terry—this gentleman is an able actor in old men, &c. but for any thing serious he is very unfit, there is an unpleasant harshness in his voice which ill suits blank verse—we had occasion to say something on this subject when Mr. T. played *Cassio*—we trust the manager's good sense will never give us cause to repeat our observations. The comedy of *The Way to get Married* was played on Tuesday most admirably—Elliston's *Tangent* was as pleasing and animated as ever—Dowton's *Toby Allspice* and Terry's *Caustic* were rich treats of comic humour and drollery—*Captain Faulkner* by Cooper, *Julia* by Mrs. H. Hughes, and Mrs. Glover's *Clementina* were ably supported. Mr. Young returned to his engagement on Wednesday, and performed *Rolla* in his usual finished style of good acting—he was received with applauses, and proved himself not undeserving of these testimonies of public approbation; Mrs. W. West's *Cora* was very interesting. *Wild Oats* on Thursday, in which Mr. J. Barnes appeared as *Ephraim Smooth* in the absence of Munden, and when we say he left us but little reason to regret the absence of an old favorite, we express in a few words our opinion on his merits.

The spectacle is called “*The Chinese Sorcerer, or the Emperor and his Three Sons*,”—this piece is avowedly taken and compiled from the French, but we have an idea we could find the source from which it emanates a little nearer home—the story is as follows:

Kein Long, (Powell) the emperor of China, having lost his wife and three sons, we discover him at the beginning of the spectacle deplored the want of an heir to the throne—in the midst of these laments, *Fong-Whang*, a powerful sorcerer, (Thompson) descends, and communicates the pleasing news of the existence of the three princes, but imposes on the emperor the severe duty of proving the virtues of his sons before he makes himself known to them; this is undertaken, and with the aid of the sorcerer, he discovers his sons in great poverty. *Zam Ti*, *Kan-Fu* and *Pe-Kin* (Cooper, Penley and Harley) have each their ruling passion gratified: the first, *glory*—the second, *good luck*—and the last, *riches*—this leads them into a variety of adventures: *Zam-Ti* pursues his valorous inclinations, and is found to be, like gold in a crucible, the purer for its burning. *Kan-Fu*, (whose luck saves him from the water only to expose him to those *Scyllas* and *Charybdis* of batchelors—women) is thrown upon an island where the custom

is to marry the first woman he meets who is marriageable, or lose his head—he very naturally prefers the lesser evil, and after a few trials of his honour, is rewarded with the hand of *O-Me*, (Miss Smithson) niece to the Emperor; the third brother, *Pe-Kin*, who is a harmless good-natured fellow, but who suffers himself to be governed by his wife, *Bri-Ti*, (Miss Cubitt) is in consequence led into some foolish acts by gratifying her inordinate love of power and splendour, but proving in the end to have a feeling heart, he is also pardoned and restored to his father and mother, the latter of whom is rescued by the gallantry of *Zam Ti* from magic power. With the restoration of the *Princes* the piece concludes. *Hi-Ho* (Knight) and *Chop-stick*, (Fitzwilliam) are two merry journeymen sprites, thro' whose instrumentality the *denouement* is brought about.

By the above description it will easily appear, that the author has aimed at nothing more than making his piece a vehicle for splendid scenery, &c. and having accomplished this, he can claim little merit for his plot or incidents. In dramas of this kind, which are intended only to gratify the eye, it is too much to expect a regularly detailed or interesting story; but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that Mr. Dibdin (from whose pen it is said to be) has not paid a little more attention to this necessary dramatic essential, as we are afraid this piece will not add much to his reputation as a writer. The scenery, dresses and decorations, are of the most costly and magnificent kind, in fact so much so, that the continued display of grandeur is rather fatiguing to the sight than otherwise. We are divided in our opinion which is entitled to the palm of superiority in magnificence, this piece or that at Covent Garden, but we think the scale turns rather in favor of this house.

The acting of all concerned was unexceptionable: there is a pretty ballet introduced, in which Noble, Byrne, their ladies, and Miss Tree, appear to much advantage. The piece is likely to have a long run.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 31st, *Jane Shore*, *Vision of the Sun*, or the *Orphan of Peru*.—April 1st, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Vision of the Sun*.—2nd, *Julian*, *Vision of the Sun*.—3rd, *Rivals*, *Vision of the Sun*.—4th, *Julian*, *Vision of the Sun*.—5th, *Comedy of Errors*, *Vision of the Sun*.

The made-up melo-dramatic tragedy of " *Wallace*," though announced to be played on Monday, was, in consequence of the illness of Macready, withdrawn, and " *Jane Shore*" substituted in its place. Notwithstanding this change, the learned and eruditè critics of the Chronicle and other papers, with that accuracy which is the fit companion of their able *criticisms*, favoured their readers with a critique on the piece that was *not acted*. Oh, ye sapient and accurate observers—ye pillars of the press! are you not ashamed of your misdeeds? do you suppose the public will in future pay any attention to your critiques? But, we presume, this profound journalist has what Puff calls " a dramatic second-sight," by which, in consideration of his overlooking what " *does happen*," he has the faculty of seeing what " *does not*." However, the audience benefited greatly by the alteration, and we were particularly gratified by the acting of Connor, in *Lord Hastings*, he displayed talents of no ordinary description. Miss Lacey, in *Jane Shore*, added much to her fame. After the performance of Rowe's tragedy, a new melo-dramatic tale of enchantment, called " *The Vision of the Sun*, or the *Orphan of Peru*," was produced.

VISION OF THE SUN.—This spectacle, which, for gorgeous processions and splendid scenery has never in our recollection been surpassed even by the former magic wonders at this house, as far as we could understand the plot, and which by the way required more than ordinary attention to make out, it was as follows :

The kingdom of Peru is much distressed by the *recreations* of a ferocious giant.

“ ‘Tis very noble to have a giant’s strength,
“ But to use it like a giant is monstrous.”

so thought Shakspere, and so think the inhabitants of this country, not being exactly gratified at the *man-slaughtering* talents of this twenty foot cannibal. Well then, as a stimulant to the courage of the Peruvians, the succession to the reigning Inca, and the hand of the *Princess Runac*, (Miss Foote,) is the promised reward of him who shall conquer this mighty goliah. At the opening of the piece, we find that *Koran*, (Mrs. Vining,) an adventurous and gallant youth, the supposed son of a peasant, but in reality a prince, tempted by the greatness of the reward, sets out for the purpose of destroying the giant, but as this *mild and gentle* single gentleman is not to be conquered by earthly means, the *Geni of the Harp*, (Miss E. Scott,) furnishes *Koran* with a magic harp of such power that all who hear its strains become somnifac; now “as a stirring dwarf is better than a sleeping giant,” so *Koran* returns triumphant, and preparations are making to reward him accordingly; but unfortunately these golial personages have generally some very troublesome relations, and we are here introduced to *Oultanpac*, (Mr. Farley,) a very powerful and malignant magician, the brother of the defunct *man-muncher*, he therefore determines to interrupt the happiness of *Koran* and *Runac*, and, disguised as the *High Priest of the Sun*, ascends into the air with the lovers, all is consequently in despair, when *Tacmar*, (Mr. T. P. Cooke,) the supposed father of *Koran*, shoots an arrow at *Oultanpac*, but by accident wounds *Koran*, who falls into the Pacific Ocean; the *Geni of the Sun* still exerts her power to save her favorite, and *Koran* is very snugly conveyed to the Palace of *Sikuce*, the King of which, (Comer), after tantalizing him a little to try his virtue, conducts him to earth again; during this time, *Oultanpac* has conveyed the lovely *Runac* to his magic abode, and as usual falls desperately in love with her, but she disdains all his overtures. *Tacmar* accompanied by *Tycobrœ*, (Grimaldi,) (the slave of the enchanter, who exhibits a laudable disposition to defeat his master’s inclination to do *naughty deeds*,) proceed through the blighted Forest of *Laños*, where, nearly overcome by its noxious vapours, they find *Koran*; these three, again assisted by the *Genii of the Harp*, destroy the *Magician* and release *Runac*, and with the union of her and *Koran* the piece ends.

The incidents of this spectacle appear to be rather combined from several of the Peruvian Tales, than to relate the circumstances of any particular one, the dialogue is very indifferent; but as the dangers and escapes follow each other in very close succession, the bustle, partly compensates for the absence of an interesting story. All the performers exerted themselves, and the piece was received with thunders of applause. The scenery, as we have before said, is truly magnificent, in fact, it would be impossible to describe its magic effect; it is the very triumph of the art, for painting cannot go further than is here accomplished. If we could select any, when all are beautiful, we should think that the Vision of the Sun—*Runac’s Pavilion*—the Court-yard of Cusco—the Palace of Silence, and the Royal Palace of Peru, were never equalled on the stage for grandeur and effect. We were most agreeably surprised with the execution of a song by Miss Love: this young lady appears to be so much improved, that she bids fair to become a powerful rival to some of the best singers of the day.

"*The Marriage of Figaro*" continues to be received with very great applause, and brings very substantial reasons to the treasury of the public approbation. Misses Paton and M. Tree warble in unison most delightfully. The new tragedy of "*Julian*," having undergone several judicious curtailments, is now firmly established in public favour, and is very effective. We trust the fair author's night will be well attended, and that she will receive a reward adequate to her merits. Sheridan's "*Rivals*" was acted on Thursday most admirably. Jones's *Captain Absolute*, Farren's *Sir Anthony*, Connor's *Sir Lucius*, were spirited and humourous performances. Abbott, as *Faulkland*, though respectable, yet it is not such as we should have at a patent theatre. Miss Foote improves hourly,—her *Lydia Languish* is a highly interesting and pleasing performance.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

OTHELLO, REVIEW.—One of the most amusing scenes which a theatrical journalist is called upon to witness (next to the performance at an amateur theatre) is the occasional benefit which the necessities or cupidity of unemployed actors induce them to take at this season of the year, and we attended this house under the impression of enjoying uninterrupted merriment at the tragic mimicry of some stage struck heroes, &c. Highly, as from former experience in these matters, our expectations were raised, they were gratified to the uttermost, for we never saw any thing so completely ludicrous and absurd as the performance on Monday evening.

"*The fiery Moor*" was, if noise and rant be the criterion of an actor's excellence—the very acme of perfection—he roared like a mad bull worried by butcher's curs—and, to encrease the absurdity, there was a perceptible difference between the color of his arms and his face, while the one was a dark copper color, the other, was scarcely touched with the cork, but appeared as if dipped in a soot bag, the *Iago* was on the whole tolerable, he seemed to read the character with some judgment; but by an over anxiety to be emphatic, he totally failed to make it an effective performance. *Roderigo* was like a jack upon wires, whose manner of giving the dialogue resembled the chattering of a baboon. *Cassio* had every appearance of being a coal heaver: never was the "gay Lieutenant" so miserably represented. The *Duke*, in imitation of *Othello*, roared most unmercifully, and unfortunately happening to have strong lungs, his voice was very like the melodious sounds of an indian gong. The lady who played *Desdemona* very well, excited our pity &c. being linked to such a troop of untutored boors; *Amelia*, we are sure, could not have been *sane*, she roared and ranted at every sentence.

"*The Feast of Apollo*" followed, but lord help us, if his godship could have swallowed the viands of this evening, he must have had a most miraculous appetite, and a *cast-iron* digestion—"Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," by a lady, with a voice like a broken drum beaten with a broomstick; the glee of "Fal la la" was a very sorry fa la thing indeed: but the finest dish in the feast was the "*Origin of Gunpowder*"; this fine song, which requires

great volume of voice to give it proper effect, was warbled in a thin squeaking tone, very like a penny trumpet, or the filing of a saw; in fact it was so execrable, that the audience *ignited*, and but for the precipitate retreat of the squeaker, there would have been a complete *blow up*.

The imitations by a gentleman were some of them very good, the voice and manner of Mathews were hit off very cleverly, and the Trip to Calais given with some humour; the same may be said of those of Munden, Young, Blanchard, and Knight, but like most mimics he fell into the common error of imitating the *blemishes* instead of the *beauties* of the celebrated actors we have mentioned.

Of the farce, *John Lump* did not repeat scarcely a line of the author, and where he did so by accident, it was always misplaced. *Looney* was little better—*Caleb Quotem* seemed to understand the character, but was dreadfully imperfect, except in the song, which was encored; in fact, to finish our notice, the only characters that can be said to be performed were *Deputy Bull* and *Phabe Whitethorn*, the former by a Mr. Robinson was not only good, but excellent; it was natural, chaste, and highly effective: the latter by Miss Tokely, who sung and played with considerable spirit.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Theatre has re-opened for the summer season with a variety of new attractions and alterations, and a new melo drame from the pen of Mr. I. H. Amherst, called the "Black Coral Rock," or the "Wreck of the Bengalore East Indiaman"—it contains very trifling plot, and still less of incident—a profusion of sailors and bustle crowded upon the quarter deck of the Bengalore—a dance with the entire groupe, mixed up with a redundant display of clap-traps, dedicated to British valour, naval achievements, &c. for the gratification of the gallery—a storm, with the splitting of the masts, the howling of the crew, and the subsequent wreck of the vessel, leads us to the conclusion of the first act. The second discovers the inhospitable shore of the tribe of Indians, headed by *Irkensat* (Cartlitch) who has resolved to destroy all Europeans in revenge for the loss of his son, at their hands, means are taken to effect his purpose; but coming under the censure of *Loraspis* (Bengough) a royal chieftain, they are quieted; however, he still "burns with desire," and in the attempt of executing it, is foiled by *Katherine O'Boy*, (Mrs. Gardiner) the chieftain appears, and the inhabitants of the island, amongst which, *Campbell*, the captain of the Bengalore, (Gale) finds in *Adela*, (Mrs. Warburton) a "long lost mother," and after some further effusion of loyalty, humanity, &c. &c. the piece happily terminates. Miss Edmiston, as the wife of *Campbell*, looked interesting, and her superior manner rose conspicuously above her situation—the character is of no importance, her excellent talent therefore had but trifling scope, and which reflects but poor taste of the author—this part of our remark brings us at once in contact with this said author, who, we find in the *dramatis personæ*, as the representative of a French Count "in search of adventures;" now, whether to give the prefer-

ence to Mr. I. H. Amherst as an actor or that of a dramatist, would require such due consideration, that, to enter into the merits of both occupations, would possibly only subject us to ill humour with ourselves, and cause us to form no prepossessing liking to either; so, to make use of an expression common to our ear, "We'll let it pass." Bengough, as the royal chieftain, played amazingly well, and gave us reason to regret that he had not better supporters.—Mr. Cartlitch, when the bills described as "late deputy manager of the Royalty Theatre," (no important recommendation this) made his first appearance these — years, and if immoderate and most violent ranting, equally vehement and appalling gesture, and never-ceasing colossal strides, with other affected irregularities, constitute the excellence of melo-dramatic acting, and if he who can bellow the loudest be the best actor, why Mr. Cartlitch has his merits.—Mr. Gale is a young man, who by industry and attention has acquired some share of respectability—let him not consider that he has attained perfection—there is yet much for him to learn. Buckingham, Jervis, a Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, take the precedence in repute of the residue of the cast. The scenery is tolerably good, chiefly that in the second act. A ballet by Mr. J. I. Jones, comprising the ability of some new dancers, went off pleasantly, and a local but uninteresting sketch, called the "Princess of Surrey," finished the entertainments.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The holiday folks assembled rather numerously to witness the amusements of this summer establishment, which re-opened this evening, under the respective management of Mr. C. Dibdin, with a new production from his prolific pen, entitled "*Dunoir the Base*." There is an agreeable and well arranged combination of character and incident throughout the piece; and the business is kept up with the well-known effect and excellence which generally marks the invention of Mr. Dibdin's most successful productions—Mr. Ridgeway sustained the part of *Dunoir* with impressive dignity—Mr. and Mrs. Darnley added materially to the piece in their judicious endeavours—Herring, Mr. and Mrs. Davidge personated the comic department with much humour and entertainment: the characters generally were well supported.—Mr. Gray performs some astonishing leaps.—Young Longuemare likewise displays his elegant specimens of talent on the tight rope.—The popular harlequinade of the "*High mated Racer*," was received with loud approbation, and concluded the evening.

ROYAL COBURG.

The opening of this Minor Theatre for the summer season has commenced under what may be termed favorable auspices; for, though the short time it has been closed would not, perhaps, admit of any material alteration in the House, (which by the way it stands very much in need of;) yet the Proprietor seems to have *brushed up* the interior, and entered the summer campaign at least with a *clean* Theatre.

The success which attended the production of the "*Black Prince*," "*Horatii*," &c. has stimulated the manager to take another peep at historical facts, and bring forward a piece upon the heroic defence of the city of Saragossa, by the Spaniards against the French, in 1808. So long as Mr. Barrymore, or whoever may be the compounder of these pieces, continues to form them upon the authenticated details of our own history, or that of other countries, we think him highly deserving of public approbation; and he may rest assured he will receive the deserved reward of his labors. For our own parts, we shall hold it as a point of duty to express our unequivocal approbation, though even should he encumber them with those trifling aberrations of reason and propriety for which he is so notorious. But we entreat of him, and those who have the controul of these matters, never again to pollute this theatre with such pieces as "*Jack Shepherd*," "*Jonathan Wild*," &c. nor suffer their actors to utter expressions which all well regulated minds must blush to hear, and they themselves, the representatives of thieves, blackguards, and pickpockets. The piece, as we have mentioned, which was played for the first time on Easter Monday, embraces the whole of the circumstances attendant on that sanguinary affair, the Siege of Saragossa, and in it every thing is accomplished which scenery, blue-lights and gunpowder could effect; as is usual in such dramas, it is fighting, "blood and thunder" in the first scene;—the dose repeated in the second; and so on, till the last, which generally happens to be best; inasmuch as our head ceases to ache from the noise of trumpets, drums, explosions from wooden cannon, &c.

The story or plot of it (and which we must in candor admit, we could not very cleverly make out from the noise of the holiday people,) seems to be in the old strain:—heroic actions,—unheard of miseries,—improbable escapes,—miraculous forethoughts,—together with other necessary essentials and *reasonable* conclusions of the minor establishments:—imagine all these, rising one above another like "bidders in an auction room," and then you will have as much as we could say in half a dozen pages.

It is but common justice to acknowledge, that the piece has been got up in a very expensive way; the scenery is well painted; and the acting in it tolerable. Of the after-piece called "*The Orphan of the Rocks*," it is a second edition with *cuts* of the opera of *The Peasant Boy*, brought out at the English Opera House some five years ago.

SADLERS WELLS.

This theatre opened at the usual period, and promises to be very popular during the summer season. The house has been newly decorated, and has a very pleasing appearance. The comic burletta of "*Where's the Spiggot?*" the extravaganza of "*Doctor Syntax in London*," and the Harlequinade, in which we understand are introduced some well painted views of France, have been successful; we must lay claim to the indulgence of our readers for so short a notice of this Theatre, as, in consequence of the recent recess, our time has been so much occupied this week, that we have not been able to pay it the

attention which it deserves, our friends may depend on having a full account in our next, which we hope will compensate for the present disappointment.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The success which attended the display of the amusing and extraordinary powers of Ventriloquism by Monsieur Alexandre, at the Adelphi, last season, has induced that gentleman to open this theatre with a similar species of performance; we never until the other evening had the pleasure of seeing this humorous and highly gifted foreigner, and we must in candour confess, that much as we had heard of his talents, we were *astonished* by the correctness of his imitations of not only animate but inanimate objects; the illusion was in some instances so perfect, that we almost doubted the mimicry: they are introduced to us in a little pleasant one act piece, called "*The Rogueries of Nicholas*," in which Mr. A. represents, with much ability, the characters of a valetudinarian *Alderman Pilbury*, his wife, *Captain Furlough*, and lastly a half-starved arch servant, *Nicholas*: in these he imitated with the greatest accuracy, the noise of a plane, the collision of a flint and steel, sawing of wood, and the frying of an omelet. The second part, entitled "*Food and Physic*," consists of the tricks played by *Nicholas* on his late master, the *Alderman*, who visits the shop of a country dentist to have his tooth drawn, here the Ventriloquist's powers are again exhibited in holding conversations with a man in the cellar—in the chimney, &c. : the transitions of voice, manner, and dress, are most admirably managed, and so expertly contrived that they must be seen to be credited.

Here we are compelled to finish our notice for this number, with a promise to refer to it again in our next

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

Is there no muse in Britain's wide domain
Of wing excursive—emulous of fame,
Not prone to pay worth acknowledg'd long,
The mournful tribute of elegiac song?
Boast of Melpomene! the Drama's pride
To Kemble liv'd in life, as when he died!
Remember'd for his skill in tragic art,
(If art it can be call'd on nature's part.)
When Coriolanus, noble minded soul,
Fir'd all his veins, and reign'd without controul,
The Patriot in all his glory shone,
And by the part he play'd, made it his own!
Whilst Heav'n, from Shakspeare, fill'd his glowing mind,
With classic knowledge polish'd and refin'd,
That drew a moral with presaging eye,*
Fool man may live, but fool he cannot die!
"At last, not least," the frenzy'd form of Lear,
Awake's our sympathy, and draws our tear.
But vain to praise all that we saw, or tell
How much he pleas'd, how acted, and how well.
Farewell, dear shade! accept the Bard's lament,
Whilst thine own name is thy best monument!

HATT.

* The "mind's eye" Shakspeare.

L I N E S

On the Recumbent Figure in the celebrated Picture of the "Proposal."

That witching look oblique, that wanton leer,
The playful prelude of more perfect joys,
The dear reward of mutual confidence,
Who dares reprove? a Stoick Moralist!
Woman on him ne'er smil'd, nor e'er shall smile.
Yes, 'tis a heav'nly glance! What, gold its counterveil?
And gold ne'er purchas'd it.—'Tis the holy fire
That fuses souls together, when young Love
Lights the blue spirits upon Hymen's altar.
No loose allurement here to pauper lust,
And turn the purer eye of taste aside:
Naught but the heedless negligence, that wins
By arts unstudied, and the careless vest,
Which, as surprised back her fair form she threw
Op'ning her swan-like bosom's rising pillow,
Plays traitor, and unveils the tenderness, that could
Forget what else might modesty offend.
Promis'd Elysium! when lovely Innocence
Untainted treads so near the shoal of vice,
Mortals approve, and heav'n lends half its bliss.

A. B.

Thespian Oracle.

NEW METHOD OF FILLING A THEATRE.

DRAMATIC QUACKERY.—We present our readers with *verbatim* copies of two circulars which have been very generally circulated during the last week; and without one word of observation, leave them to draw their own conclusions on this new method of upholding the *interests and respectability* of the drama.

No. 1. (*Circular to all Housekeepers.*)

SURREY THEATRE.

MR. I. H. AMHERST, STAGE MANAGER,

Respectfully informs the proprietor of this house, that, by the liberal permission of Mr. Burroughs, he is entitled to the nightly privilege of issuing box tickets on his own account, which he offers, allowing a profit of cent. per cent. or two shillings clear gain upon every box ticket the proprietor of this house may dispose of.

The tickets are admitted every evening in the week.

Purchasers are respectfully informed, on shewing the ticket or tickets before one o'clock, at the Box Office of the Surrey Theatre, they are entitled to have front seats secured without any additional expence whatever.

The person who delivers the tickets will call once every week for payment, and attend for the orders, and leave the play-bills of the week.

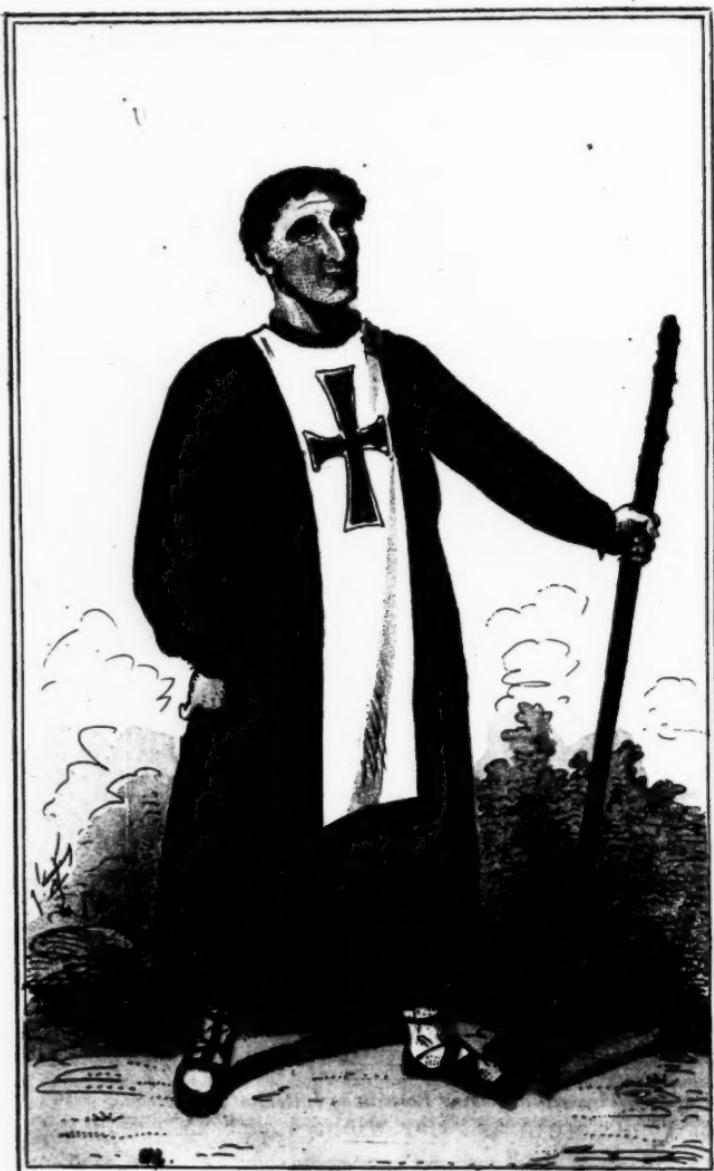
No. 2. (*Circular to the Company at the*
SURREY THEATRE.)

MR. I. H. AMHERST, STAGE MANAGER,

Respectfully informs the gentlemen of this establishment, that, by the liberal permission of Mr. Burroughs, he is entitled to issue on his account Nightly Tickets price five shillings each, which admits One Gentleman and Two Ladies to the Dress Boxes, to be had every morning of Mr. Amherst, at the Theatre; and the purchasers are respectfully informed, when in possession of these Tickets they are further entitled to have front seats secured without any additional expence.

Mr. A. thinks it needful to inform his friends, these tickets are not refused at the doors of the Theatre, if not presented the same day as purchased, but will be accepted until the end of the season, Benefits excepted.

DEAL.—Mr. W. R. Riley has been giving a series of recitations and singing at the Royal Oak Inn in this town, in which, a correspondent informs, he evinced considerable talent and humour—the selections were made with some taste, and his exertions were rewarded by full rooms.



MR. C. KEMBLE AS FRIAR MICHAEL,
in *Maid Marian*.

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